
Title: Shadow: Wrathlord,Pt 2:

Author: Shadow

"Nooooo!" Seth fought with all his strength against the rope as his future wife dangled at the end of that rope, squirming for air. After a little time had passed, her legs stopped moving, and the rope and her body swayed limply in the light breeze. In the meantime, the brigands had packed up their valuables and appeared to be ready to move on. All three moved over to Seth, who was now reduced to kneeling on the ground, sobbing. As they approached, Seth looked up and saw the largest pull a dagger from his side. It was then he accepted his fate, accepted he would soon meet his wife again in the spirit world, and stood to meet his destiny.

"Nooooo!" Seth fought with all his strength against the rope as his future wife dangled at the end of that rope, squirming for air. After a little time had passed, her legs stopped moving, and the rope and her body swayed limply in the light breeze. In the meantime, the brigands had packed up their valuables and appeared to be ready to

move on. All three moved over to Seth, who was now reduced to kneeling on the ground, sobbing. As they approached, Seth looked up and saw the largest pull a dagger from his side. It was then he accepted his fate, accepted he would soon meet his wife again in the spirit world, and stood to meet his destiny.

One of the smaller brigands lunged to gut him with his dagger. Somehow, whether it was the constant friction against the tree or a benevolent spirit come to save him, the rope snapped against the tree just in time for Seth to duck and roll under the knife. Just like in his dream, that ancient knife was in his hand. Whether he had grabbed it from the ground involuntarily when he rolled or the knife had found his hand he never knew. What matter then was he wanted revenge.

One of the smaller brigands lunged to gut him with his dagger. Somehow, whether it was the constant friction against the tree or a benevolent spirit come to save him, the rope snapped against the tree just in time for Seth to duck and roll under the knife. Just like in his dream, that ancient knife was in his hand. Whether he had grabbed it from the ground

involuntarily when he
rolled or the knife had
found his hand he
never knew. What
matter then was he
wanted revenge.
The final brigand,
gripped with fear at
what he had just seen
happen to his friends,
carelessly tripped
over a stone and
tumbled to the ground.
In an instant Seth was
hovering over him, a
large rock in his hand.
He motioned to strike
the man, crushing his
face, when memories
of his father flashed
back. This was a man,
just like himself and
all other human
beings. Countless
times his father had
reminded him of how
alike all men were,
and how even in the
worst people there
was always a little
good. Seth could not
believe he was ready
to murder this man
with his bare hands.
The pause was enough
for the fallen brigand,
who grabbed the small
blade from his boot
and flung it at Seth.
The blade hit him
square in the chest,
lodging itself between
two rib bones and
puncturing a lung. As
Seth collapsed to his
knees gripping his
wound, the remaining
brigand ran off into
the darkness never to
be seen again.

All Seth could feel
after that was pain.
Fresh, warm blood
ran down from the
wound and soaked his
shirt. He could only
crawl through the

woods, hoping to find the city of Delucia, or perhaps a remote house like his once was. The dagger remained stuck in his chest, the handle scraping the dirt as he crawled towards what looked like the forest's edge. Beyond, he spied the gray stone of the Paladin's outpost on the outskirts of Delucia. Only this structure was not as tall, and was probably five times as wide. It was then he recognized the smell burned into his memory for all time; the odor of blood, of death, of orcs.

Looking to his right, Seth saw the infamous orc fort. Its walls stood around ten feet tall, and ended in carved points to prevent attackers from climbing over. He heard an orc cry out from the fort in anger, most likely from an internal fight for food or fun. In an instant Seth decided this building would be safer than lying in front of the orcs, and worked his way inside. Oddly enough, a man sat on a throne at the end of the building around fifty feet away. White flowers lined the walls to his seat, and a brazier crackled and burned at either side. A glowing purple staff lay tilted against the throne, and in the light it appeared as if his skin was gray. As Seth crawled closer,

he realized it was not
the light.
Looking to his right,
Seth saw the
infamous orc fort. Its
walls stood around ten
feet tall, and ended in
carved points to
prevent attackers
from climbing over.
He heard an orc cry
out from the fort in
anger, most likely
from an internal fight
for food or fun. In an
instant Seth decided
this building would be
safer than lying in
front of the orcs, and
worked his way
inside. Oddly enough,
a man sat on a throne
at the end of the
building around fifty
feet away. White
flowers lined the
walls to his seat, and a
brazier crackled and
burned at either side.
A glowing purple
staff lay tilted against
the throne, and in the
light it appeared as if
his skin was gray. As
Seth crawled closer,
he realized it was not
the light.

Looking to his right,
Seth saw the
infamous orc fort. Its
walls stood around ten
feet tall, and ended in
carved points to
prevent attackers
from climbing over.
He heard an orc cry
out from the fort in
anger, most likely
from an internal fight
for food or fun. In an
instant Seth decided
this building would be
safer than lying in
front of the orcs, and
worked his way
inside. Oddly enough,
a man sat on a throne

at the end of the building around fifty feet away. White flowers lined the walls to his seat, and a brazier crackled and burned at either side.

A glowing purple staff lay tilted against the throne, and in the light it appeared as if his skin was gray. As Seth crawled closer, he realized it was not the light.

Looking to his right, Seth saw the infamous orc fort. Its walls stood around ten feet tall, and ended in carved points to prevent attackers from climbing over.

He heard an orc cry out from the fort in anger, most likely from an internal fight for food or fun. In an instant Seth decided this building would be safer than lying in front of the orcs, and worked his way inside. Oddly enough, a man sat on a throne at the end of the building around fifty feet away. White flowers lined the walls, and he noticed.